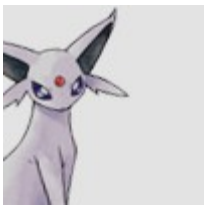
[fic] Pacific Blues.

- May. 9th, 2010 at 11:41 PM



Title: Pacific Blues.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: G.
Characters/Pairings: Gabriel.
Prompt: 23. Gabriel - Redemption.
Spoilers: General Season Five spoilers, specific 5x19 and 5x21 spoilers.
Word count: 671 words.
Warnings: None, really. Just some humor.
Summary: Gabriel has guilt bothering him, and he's already broken the record for M&M throwing. So what's an archangel to do?

Notes: Set just after 5x21, AU. Many thanks to **utterlystrange** for her help with some of Gabriel's dialogue.

Written for **wordsmeetwings**.

Gabriel flipped an M&M into his mouth, idly pegging a seagull with another one as he chewed. The sailboat rocked gently as he did so, and he chuckled to himself when he heard the startled squawk from his target.

Hiding was nice, he thought. Pleasant weather, no life-and-death situations, and hey, it wasn't like he'd run into anyone out *here*. All of the Apocalypse action was land-based, after all, unless the Leviathan rose, and that problem would be in the Atlantic, not the Pacific.

What was even better, he thought, was that he'd left them all thinking he was dead. So he was safe for the time being, and hey, if he decided to do anything he'd have the element of surprise.

He pegged another seagull with an M&M and stood up from the lounge, watching the water. It was vast, endless and he couldn't resist skipping M&Ms along the surface of the ocean.

His conscious nagged at him, but he was good at shoving that aside. He was good at ignoring the little voice that said 'get back in there and make sure they win'. He was good at hiding. He could wait, he could -

Ah, bugger it with a thick wire brush.

"Show me how many rings they have." Gabriel commanded the waters, barely needing to reach out to his Grace to make the waters comply. His element never forgot him, after all. He watched the ocean reflect four rings back at him, then show him an argument about an idiotic plan one Sam Winchester thought up.

"Idiots!" Gabriel said, viciously breaking the world record of how far an M&M could be skipped along the surface of the ocean. Good job on the rings, kids, but your big plan to get Lucifer trapped? Gabriel wanted a wall to bang his head against.

"Choke him into a *coma* if he tries to give Lucifer consent." Gabriel growled at the water, and he snapped his fingers.

His swimsuit vanished, as did his sunglasses, and he was dressed in his favorite outfit, complete with green jacket. Ideal clothing for the weather the Winchesters lived in, and another snap put him outside their base of operations.

Gabriel sighed and looked at himself. Stupid survival instinct. Stupid, stupid sense of caring and responsibility.

He looked at the house they were waiting in, and frowned, thinking. It had a front door, and old habits died hard. He snapped his fingers, changing his outfit again.

knockknockknock

"..uh, hello?" Dean was the one to open the door. Gabriel smiled innocently at him, not giving him time to connect face-to-angel.

"Hi, I'm a missionary from the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. My name is Elder Gabriel, and I'm afraid my companion was left behind. I'd like to share a message about the Gospel of Jesus Christ." At that, he held out an altered bible and waited.

If nothing else, Dean's expression was priceless.

If nothing else, the outraged yelling was worth the visit.

If nothing else, the feeling of guilt he had been feeling began to fade.